

HUMOR IN A VARIOUS VEIN

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...



NO. 7
MAR.



PANIC



10¢



THIS COVER HAS A DUAL PURPOSE! AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED THE MAGAZINE, YOU CAN USE IT FOR PATCHING TORN TIGERS!



**IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE
LAST MAD ON THE NEWS-
STAND, BUT THEY STILL
HAVE A COPY OF PANIC
WHICH IS PRACTICALLY
THE SAME AS MAD!**



HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE
EITHER, WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE?
SEND MONEY TO US:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES
CHECKED BELOW FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE
\$1.00 PER TITLE (FOR 8 ISSUES PER TITLE).

PANIC ☐ MAD ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

CLEAN LIVING, NON-SMOKING, NON-DRINKING COMIC CHARACTERS DEPT. (VIRTUE CONQUERS ALL IN THE TENTH ROUND DIVISION): AND IN THIS CORNER, LAYDEES AND GENTULMUN, THAT EXPONENT OF 100% AMERICANISM... THAT SHINING EXAMPLE OF THE "BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS, DUMB KIDS, AND LITTLE OLD LADIES" SCHOOL... THAT UNGRAMMATICAL PARAGON OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT...

MEL PADOOKA

GHOSTED BY THE ASSISTANT TO THAT GREAT NAME-DROPPER

HAMBONE FISHEAD

STILL MEN'S GYM

NO WAITING!
OUR MOTTO:
OLD FIGHTERS
NEVE DIE—
THEY TAKE UP
WRESTLING!!

LEARN TO BOX—
ORANGES,
EARS:
GUARANTEED
TO WIN
FIRST FIGHT.
YOUR OPPONENT—
A 9 YR. OLD GIRL.

MACNE SUPER MARKET

PAF

BOY! MEL AIN'T LET UP
ON THAT OL' BAG FR THREE
HOURS NOW! JUST LOOKIT
'IM SMACK DAT 'OL BAG
AROUN'!

BETTER TAKE IT EASY, MEL.
DAT OL' BAG CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE!

12 FT.
HEAD-
ROOM ↑

B. ELDER

YOU AIN'T JUST A-WHISTLIN'
DIXIE, BOYS! G'ME MY
MUNNIE AN' LE'ME GO BACK
T' THE 'HOME'!

LISSUN, NOBBY! I
WISHT YEW'D FINE ME A
NOTHER SPARRIN'
PARTNER. YEW KNOW
HOW I FEEL ABOUT
PUNCHIN' LI'L OL'
LADIES!

EV'RY TIME I KIN-
NECT, IT RAISES A
LUMP IN MY T'ROAT!

I HATE T'
TELL YUH
WHERE IT
RAISES LUMPS
ON ME, SONNY
BOY!

TROUBLE WIT YEW
IS, YER SOFT, MEL!
YEW GOTTA BE
HARD IF YEW WANNA
LAST IN DIS
BIZNISS!

GOLDEN
GLOVES

MY FIRST
MATCH-
MARRIAGE
LICENSE

KID
GLOVES

ROCKY
STONE

FAMOUS
BOXER

FAMOUS
BOXER

FAMOUS
BOXER

W.W. -
HOW ABOUT LUNCH AT THE
STORK CLUB ON THURSDAY?
HAMBONE

LAST?! WHADDA YEW MEAN LAST, NOBBY? AIN'T I BIN **WORLD'S HEVYVVAIT CHAMPEEN** F'R TWENNY, WEBBE THURTY YEERS NOW? AIN'T I WUN MY LAST 2486 FITES BY NOKUTS? AIN'T THAT LASTIN'?

OKAY! OKAY! SO YUH BIN HAVIN' A **LUCKY STREEK!**

W.W., OH, ALL RIGHT! FRIDAY, THEN? **HAMBONE**

BIG FIGHT WED. NITE. 'PRIVATE' STEVENS VS. 'JUNIOR' MCCARTHY

HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES **ANN HOOGA!**

GOSH! HI, MEL, DAR-LING!

YOU REMEMBER **ME**, DON'TCHA, MEL?

UH-HUH!

I'M THE GIRL YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH!

TCH! TCH!

WE'VE BEEN **ENGAGED** FOR 22 YEARS!

24, BUT **WHO'S COUNTING?**

IN FACT WE GOT **MARRIED** 5 YEARS AGO!

I **KNEW** I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE **BEFORE!**

HOW TO **START SMOKING.**

ANN! I WISHT YA WOODEN KEEP COMIN' AROUND' WHEN MEL'S IN **TRAININ'!** YA GET I'M ALL **UPSET** AN' TH' **BLOOD** RUSHES TA HIS CHEEKS AN' **STAYS** THERE F'R 3 OR 4 PANELS! **BESIDES!** THIS AIN'T NO **PLACE** FOR A DAME. CAN'T YOU **READ?**

ALL MEMBERS OF THE FEMININE GENDER WILL KINDLY DESIST FROM TRANSCENDING INTO HEREBY EMPHATIC OR IN THE WORDS OF THAT GREAT PHILOSOPHER, **FRAUD: NO BROADS ALLOWED!**

SO **WHO'S SMOKING?**

BUT, AS LONG AS YER **HERE**, YOU KIN **HELP** ME GET MEL INTA **CONDISHUN** F'R HIZ 2487TH **TITLE DEFENSE** T'NIGHT! HE'S GONNA BE UP AGAINST THE **RUFFEST, TUFFEST, MEENEST FITER** IN COMICS T'DAY!

YEAH! **HUNGRY HUMPHREY MEATLOAF!**

YOU MEAN...?

NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

THE **ON'Y** WAY WE GOTTA **CHANG'T** AGAINST THIS MEATLOAF CHARACTER IS IF MEL GETS **MAD!** INNA 30 YEARS I BEEN HIZ MAN-AGER, I AIN'T **NEVER** BEEN ABLE A GET 'IM **MAD!** I KIN **KICK 'IM** LIKE DIS...

I KIN **STEEL** HIZ **MUNNY...** LIKE DIS...

I KIN **INSALT** HIM... LIKE DIS...

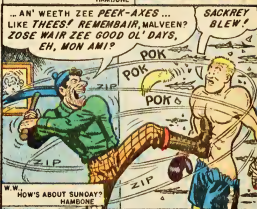
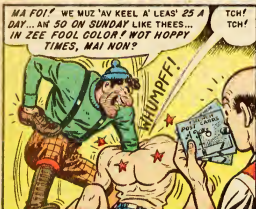
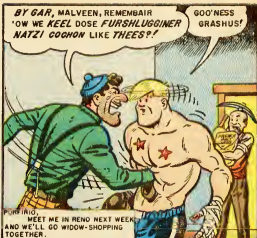
NOTHIN' WERKS! EVEN WHEN I MAKE **V'LENT** LUV T' YEW, HIZ **OWN WIFE...** LIKE DIS... HE **DON' GET MAD!**

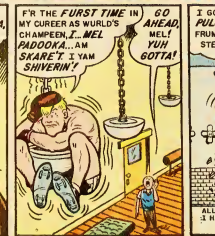
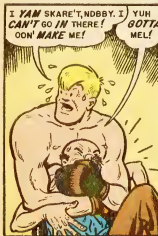
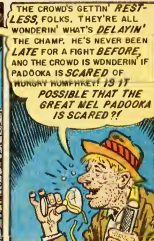
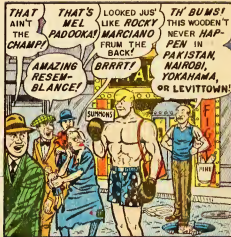
HOW KIN'E **STAN'** THERE ALL THE WILE WID DAT **STOOPID GRIN** ON HIZ FACE!

YOU WOULD, TOO, IF YOU HAD A **PIN-UP** PICTURE OF **MARY-LIN MONROE** PASTED INSIDE **YOUR COW-LICK!**

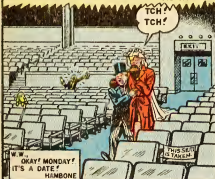
TCH! TCH!

W.W., SATURDAY? **HAMBONE**





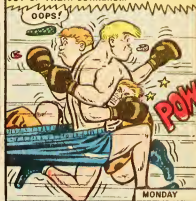
HOLD IT, FOLKS! HOLD IT! WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE AISLE NOW? IT'S **HIM!** IT'S **MEL PADOOKA**, FOLKS... **THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!** AND THE CROWD HERE IS GOING **MAD**...



EDITORS NOTE: AT THIS POINT, A LONG, DRAWN-OUT FIGHT SEQUENCE IS BEGUN IN THIS STRIP. USUALLY AROUND FLORIDA VACATION TIME. BECAUSE OF LIMITATIONS OF SPACE (AND BECAUSE WE CAN'T AFFORD A FLORIDA VACATION WHILE THE GHOST ARTIST DRAWS IT) WE OF PANIC ARE CONDENSING SEVEN WEEKS OF THIS STUFF INTO ONE PAGE. READY?



... AND THERE'S THE OPENING BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND. BOTH FIGHTERS RUSH OUT OF THEIR CORNERS...



...BUT PADOOKA RUSHES BACK. THE ELASTIC ON HIS BOXING SHORTS IS CAUGHT IN THE RING POST...



THE BOYS MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE RING ONCE MORE AND HUMPHREY DELIVERS A STRONG CHOP TO THE NOSE OF PADOOKA...



AND NOW THE TWO OF THEM ARE MIXING IT UP...



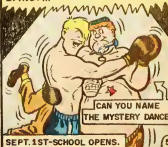
THEY'RE UP AGAINST THE ROPES NOW...RIGHT OVERHEAD...TRADING PUNCHES... TRY **MINE**... IT HAS **MINE'S SCHWEPES** IN IT! **SPIKED!**

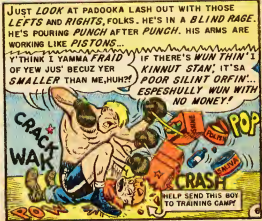
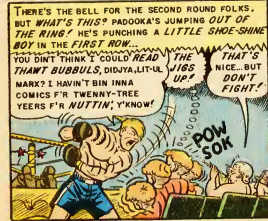
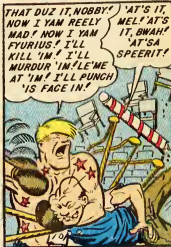
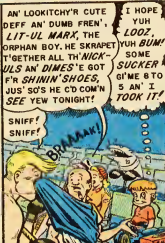
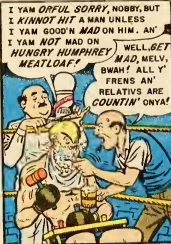
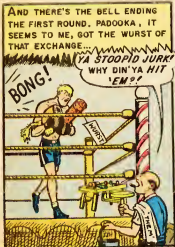


NOW, THERE'S A HARD RIGHT GLOVE THROWN TO THE HEAD OF MEATLOAF... AND ANOTHER RIGHT... AND NOW A LEFT... AND ANOTHER LEFT...



BOY, THIS MEATLOAF IS TOUGH... JUST LIKE **MOTHER** USED TO MAKE! AT THIS POINT, I'D LIKE TO COM- MENT ON THE WONDERFUL JOB THE **REFEREE** IS DOING! I'D LIKE TO... BUT SOME OF YOU MAY BE WATCHING ON T.V. AND YOU'D **KNOW** I WAS LYING!...





BUT, WAIT! HOLD IT FOLKS! LIT-UL MARX HAS SHAKEN OFF THE EFFECTS OF PAODOOKA'S SAVAGE ATTACK, AND HE'S AFTER MEL LIKE A TIGER! HE'S ALL HEART, THAT KID, LOOK AT HIM SMILE... YAKSHULLY, I YAM

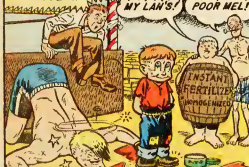


THIS IS AMAZING, FOLKS! THE CHAMP LOOKS DAZED! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FOLKS! PAODOOKA IS IN A STATE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS*..

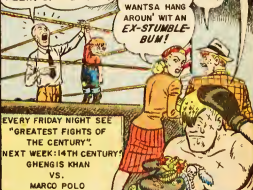


*TO BE TRUTHFUL, PAODOOKA IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, BUT I DON'T WANT MY CHARACTERS ANYWHERE NEAR DOGPATCH!-HAMBONE

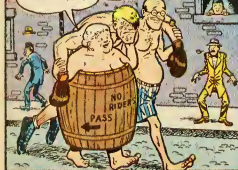
WHAT AN UPSET, FOLKS! LIT-UL MARX HAS GONE AND KNOCKED OUT THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PAODOOKA IS THROUGH! YOU HAVE JUST SEEN RING HISTORY BEING MADE!...



THE WINNER... AN' NEW WORLD'S CHAMP-PEEN! LIT-UL MARX!



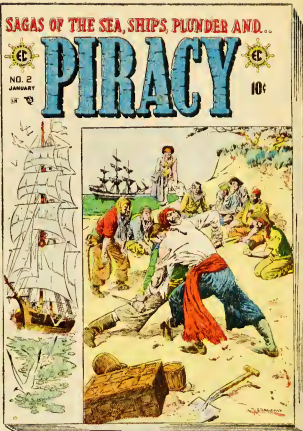
NOW, DON'T YEW FEEL BAD BECUZ YER WIFE LEFT YEW AN' YEW LOST THE CHAMPEENSHIP, MEL. YER PA AN' ME JUS' WANT YEW T' COME ALONG HOME WITH US WHERE IT'S NICE AND QUIET!



WE WANTED YEW T' COME HOME WITH US SO'S WE C'N BEAT THE @#*X!! LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YUH FOR LOSIN' THAT FERSHUGGINER FIGHT!



**WE KNOW
YOU'LL ENJOY
THE LUSTY,
SWASHBUCKLING
ADVENTURES
IN OUR NEW
SEAGOING MAG!
"PIRACY" IS
A TREASURE
CHEST OF SALTY
SEA YARNS
PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!**



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, MATES... DO A LITTLE EXPLORING THROUGH THE REST OF THE BILGE... AND COMMANDEER YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE NOT THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND WOULD RATHER IMPORT "PIRACY", YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE! JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SHIP OFF, TOGETHER WITH ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M SHANGHAIED! HERE'S \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF PIRACY!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZONE
NO. _____

OLD FILM CLIPS PASSED OFF AS T.V. ENTERTAINMENT DEPT. (IF NOBODY WRITES, THEY'LL PHONY THE LETTERS DIVISION): DID YOU EVER *SIT HOME* ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND WATCH TELEVISION, BECAUSE... (A) YOU DON'T SEE ANY *SENSE* IN GETTING *FOULED UP* IN THAT *BUMPER-TO-BUMPER WEEK-END TRAFFIC* IN YOUR FAMILY CAR?... (B) YOU DON'T HAVE A FAMILY?... (C) YOU DON'T HAVE A CAR?... (D) YOU... *HAN?* WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A TELEVISION SET? WELL, YOU'RE *LUCKIER* THAN MOST OF US, CHUM, BECAUSE *THAT* MEANS YOU NEVER HAD TO *SIT THROUGH* THE LEMON CALLED...

YOU AXED FOR IT!

IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER... YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY! YES, SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR OLD FRIEND, ART FAKER, ABOUT TO BRING YOU ANOTHER PROGRAM OF THINGS I *KNOW* YOU WANT TO SEE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!

REMEMBER, FRIENDS. THIS IS THE PROGRAM THAT WILL *GO ANYWHERE*... DO ANYTHING... PHOTOGRAPH EVERYTHING... SIMPLY BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
AXE FOR IT!

NO KIDDIN'!

AND IF WE'VE *GOT* THE FILM CLIP, WE'LL *SHOW* IT!

IF WE *HAVEN'T* GOT IT, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!



OUR *FIRST* LETTER IS FROM A MR. JOE U. RENALDO WHO IS THE ATTENDANT IN THE MEN'S ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION. MR. RENALDO WRITES...



"I REMEMBER ONCE SEEING A PROFESSIONAL PICK-POCKET NAMED PETER PIPER WHO COULD PICK A PACKET... PACK A PICKET... PIP A PUPPET... OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... FASTER THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH! COULD YOU HAVE HIM ON YOUR SHOW? I GOT A T.V. SET IN THE SUPPLY-CLOSET. I'LL BE LOOKING. JOE U. RENALDO!"



WELL, MR. JOE RENALDO, YOU ARE *IN LUCK!* WE MANAGED TO *LOCATE* THE GREAT PETER PIPER, AND HE HAS CONSENTED TO COME DOWN TO THE *STUDIO* AND GIVE US A *DEMONSTRATION* OF HIS KEEN ABILITY AT PICKET-POCKING... ER... PICKLE-PICKING... UH... PICKLE-PACKING... UH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND *HERE HE IS!*



Joe U. Renaldo

WELCOME TO "YOU AXED FOR IT," MR. PIPER! IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO COME DOWN TO OUR STUDIO TO PICK A FEW POCKETS IN ORDER THAT MR. RENALDO, WATCHING FROM THE MEN'S ROOM AT GRANO CENTRAL, CAN SEE IF YOU HAVE...



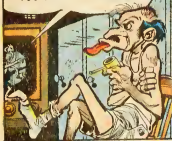
...N'T LOST ANY OF THAT OLD SKILL. AND PERHAPS, WHILE YOU'RE HERE, MR. PIPER, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW OUR VIEWERS HOW THEY CAN LEARN TO PICK POCKETS RIGHT IN THEIR VERY OWN HOMES!



I'M SORRY, MR. RENALOO, THAT OUR GUEST, THE GREAT PETER PIPER, HAD TO RUSH OFF TO A PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT BEFORE HE COULD DEMONSTRATE HIS SKILL.



HOWEVER, I... I... AYE, AYE, AYE! WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, MR. RENALDO! NOT ONLY HAVE MY POCKETS BEEN PICKED, BUT ALSO ALL MY CLOTHES ARE GONE! WELL, I'M GLAD TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE BECAUSE... "YOU AXED FOR IT!"



AND NOW, A LETTER FROM A MISS THELMA POTRZEBIE, OF BUTTERBALL, MONT., WHO WRITES: "DEAR ART, I HAVE ALL TIME LONGED TO SEE THAT DARE-DEVIL STUNT CAR DRIVER, 'CRACK-UP' CASEY DEECH, DOING HIS FAMOUS 'FLIP-OVER THROUGH FLAMES ON TWO WHEELS INTO A BOX CAR FULL OF DYNAMITE' ROUTINE. I LOVE TO SEE STUNT CARS IN ACTION! I ALSO LOVE TO SEE BLOOD! YOURS, THELMA P."



WELL, MISS POTRZEBIE, THERE IN BUTTERBALL, MONT., YOU WILL GET YOUR CHANCE TO SEE "CRACK-UP" DO HIS FAMOUS ROUTINE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!



... AND HERE WE ARE AT THE UTAH SALT FLATS, WATCHING AS "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH WARMS UP HIS SOUPED-UP, RE-BORED, RE-DESIGNED, STRIPPED-DOWN, STANLEY STEAMER! NOW HE'S GIVING THAT OL' CHASSIS A LAST MINUTE CHECK UP...



SO, OKAY, ALREADY, CASEY! GET GOING! THIS IS ONLY A HALF HOUR SHOW, Y'KNOW!



I CAN'T GO NOW, ART! MY VEEBLEFETZER ISN'T ALIGNED WITH MY FRAMMISPFUGER AND MY MEXIFIZOID IS OUT OF KILTER!

NO! I AM ALSO CHICKEN!

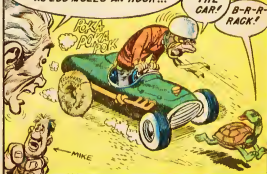
IS THAT ALL?

CLUCK

JUST LOOK AT HIM GO, FOLKS...LOOK AT HIM TAKE OFF! THAT'S WHAT I CALL COURAGE! IF IT'S BRAVERY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THIS BOY'S GOT IT! ALSO, HE'S GOT NO CHOICE!



...AND HERE HE COMES! MAN, HE'S REALLY BURNING UP THE TRACK! HE MUST BE GOING AT LEAST AS FAST AS 200 MULES AN HOUR...



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR! B-R-R-RACK!

OH-OH! NOW "CRACK-UP" IS HEADING THIS WAY. HE'S ABOUT TO DO THE MOST DARING, THE MOST AMAZING, THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING STUNT OF ALL! HE WILL ATTEMPT, WHILE TRAVELING AT TOP SPEED, TO REACH OVER AND PICK UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF LYING THERE WITH HIS TEETH!



WATCH CLOSELY NOW, FOLKS. HE'S APPROACHING THE HANDKERCHIEF! HE'S LEANING FAR OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR! HE'S OPENING HIS MOUTH! HE'S GETTING READY TO SNAP IT UP! WILL HE DO IT?



HE DID IT, FOLKS! HE PICKED UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF WITH HIS TEETH! TALK ABOUT RAW COURAGE...THIS BOY IS ABOUT AS FOOL-HARDY AS THEY COME!



YES, SIR! HE'S GOT COURAGE, FOLKS! AFTER ALL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT KIND OF GERMS YOU MIGHT FIND ON A HANKY THAT'S BEEN KICKING AROUND THE UTAH SALT FLATS SINCE THE RACING SEASON OPENED!



I WANT TO THANK YOU, "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH, FOR GIVING US SUCH A BLOOD-CURLING THRILL WITH YOUR TREMENDOUS FEAT!



I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE MY TREMENDOUS FEET OUT OF THIS!

HMM! AND TO YOU, THELMA POTRZEBIE! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED... BECAUSE...YOU AXED FOR IT!

WHILE OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER IS RESTING UP FROM THAT GRUELING EXPERIENCE OUT THERE ON THE UTAH SALT FLATS... LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER GRUELING EXPERIENCE...



...THAT FIRST SPOONFUL OF DRI Y PEANUT BUTTER!

THIS BEING THE **LOW-PRESSURE-TYPE COMMERCIAL**, I AM **NOT** GOING TO **RUN DOWN** THE **OTHER BRANDS** OF PEANUT BUTTER ON THE MARKET! **SOME** OF THE OTHER MAKES ARE **VERY GOOD!** IN FACT, SOME ARE **EXCELLENT**...EVEN FAR **SUPERIOR** TO OUR OWN **DRIPPY!**



ALL RIGHT! LET'S FACE IT FOLKS! THEY'RE ALL BETTER THAN DRIPPY!

BUT DRIPPY IS CHEAP! AND EVEN THOUGH IT MAY NOT TASTE AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS, WHO CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!?



YOU'RE SO BUSY TRYING TO SCRAPE ANY BRAND PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH, YOU NEVER CAN TASTE IT! SO, WHY SPEND MORE!?
SUFFER FOR LESS! GAS AND SAVE! REMEMBER!

IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY!

NOW, BACK TO ART FAKER!



THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND HERE IS A LETTER FROM A VIEWER IN BROOKLYN, WHO WRITES...

*Dear Art,
I once heard a story about the deadly Vindshield Viper, a rare snake found in desert Africa, which, although it is only 10 inches long is capable of choking to death and swallowing a full grown African elephant. I would give anything to see a picture of this... as I may as it be free.*

SIGNED
MELVIN MADY

WELL, MELVIN MADY, THERE IN BROOKLYN, YOUR WISH IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE. WE SENT A CAMERA CREW INTO THE WILD AFRICAN JUNGLES TO PHOTOGRAPH THIS CUNNING REPTILE AND BRING BACK THE FILM YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE...BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!



LET'S SEE NOW! WHAT HAVE WE HERE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BULL ELEPHANT, AND A PRETTY MEAN CUSTOMER. BUT, WAIT! WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE ON THE RIGHT. THAT MUST BE THE FEROCIOUS VINSHIELD VIPER YOU DESCRIBED IN YOUR LETTER, MELVIN, BWAH!...



OH-OH! THE SNAKE HAS SPOTTED THE HUGE BEAST AND NOW IT'S SWAYING BACK AND FORTH HYPNOTICALLY...AS THOUGH INVITING THE PONDEROUS ELEPHANT TO ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT...



IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE THAT A TINY CREATURE LIKE THAT CAN SUBDUCE AND CRUSH THE LIFE OUT OF AN ENORMOUS AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT? IS IT?



I GUESS NOT!



AND TO YOU, MELVIN MADY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU HEAR THESE FURSHLUIGINER STORIES ABOUT SNAKES CRUSHING ELEPHANTS, BUT FROM NOW ON, KEEP THEM TO YOUR-SELF!



'CAUSE IF YOU EVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN... YOU'LL BE ASKING FOR IT!

REMEMBER, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR PROGRAM! IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE... NO MATTER HOW RIDICULOUS...JUST DROP A LINE TO ME, ART FAKER, HERE AT THE LIGE-YUM THEATER IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES... AND AXE FOR IT!



PSST! I'M NOT ART FAKER! I'M HIS GHOST! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE FURSHLUGGINER SET TUNED IN RIGHT!

WE'LL BE HAPPY TO RUSH RIGHT OUT, TAKE THOSE PICTURES, AND FLY THEM RIGHT BACK IN OUR OWN D.C.-12 SUPER-CONSTERNATION! ALL BECAUSE...YOU AXED FOR IT!



THEY'LL NEVER GET IT OFF THE GROUND!

BUT BEFORE WE GET ON TO OUR NEXT REQUEST, WHICH COMES FROM A VIEWER IN PRINCETON, N.J., LET'S LISTEN TO ANOTHER BRIEF WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR! (HERE, IDIOT!)



THANKS, ART!

FRIENDS...WHILE YOU'RE BUSY FRITTERING AWAY YOUR TIME EARNING A LIVING, THE DRIPPY PEOPLE ARE BUSY NIGHT AND DAY DEVELOPING NEW TASTE-SENSATIONS FOR ALL YOU PEANUT BUTTER ADDICTS! F'INSTANCE, WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT PEANUT BUTTER AND HALVAH GIVES A DELIGHTFUL, EXOTIC TANG TO A CHOPPED-EGG SANDWICH...



...AND FOR A REALLY NEW TASTE TREAT, TRY SPREADING PEANUT BUTTER ON SLICES OF STALE SALAMI...

...AND SAY! YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE TASTED PEANUT BUTTER ON RAW MEAT! NOW, THERE'S A DISH THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL GO FOR...PROVIDING THEY'RE CANNIBALS!

SO ALWAYS REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN, FOLKS..."IF YOU EAT ENOUGH PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'RE SURE TO GET DRIPPY!"

AND NOW BACK TO OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER, WHO'S WAITING TO ANSWER ANOTHER REQUEST FROM ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!



TAKE IT AWAY, ART!

I CAN'T! THEY GOT IT GLUED DOWN!

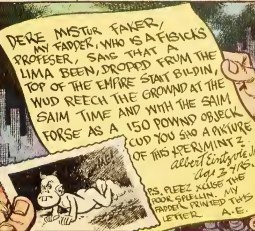


WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE ATOP THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WHOLE WORLD, ALL BECAUSE LITTLE 3-YEAR-OLD ALBERT EINTZVIE JR., OF 162 1/2 LIBIDINAL DRIVE, IN PRINCETON, N.J., AXED FOR IT...



LITTLE ALBERT WRITES...

HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT ROOF!



DERE MISTUR FAKER, MY FADDER, WHO IS A FISICKS PROFESER, SAIG THAT A LIMA BEEN, DROPPD FROM THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STAT BILDIN, WUD REECH THE GROWND AT THE SAIM TIME AND WITH THE SAIM FORSE AS A 150 POUND OBJECT CUD YOU SHO A PICTURE OF THIS PERIMINT Z

albert Eintzvie Jr. Age 3 yrs. PS. PLEEZ XUSE THE ROOR SPELLIN. MY FADDER PRINTED THIS LETTER A.E.

WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, I HOPE YOU'RE AT HOME WATCHING THIS EXPERIMENT ABOUT A BEAN FALLING AT THE SAME RATE OF SPEED AS A 150 POUND OBJECT!

PERSONALLY, I THINK YOUR OLD MAN'S THEORY IS A LOT OF HOG-WASH! BUT HERE GOES... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!

OKAY, I'M DROPPING THE LIMA BEAN!

... AND AT THE EXACT SAME TIME, I'M DROPPING THE ONLY 150 POUND OBJECT AVAILABLE...

... A HUMAN BEAN!

ME!

THIS IS A LOW-BUDGET PROGRAM!

EMAYE SOME REALLY TALL STORIES FOR SALE

WELL, WE'RE NOW PASSING THE 58TH FLOOR... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS LI'L OL' LIMA BEAN ISN'T GIVING UP SO EASILY!

I CAN HEAR IT PUFFING AND PANTING ITS LI'L OL' POD OUT TRYING TO KEEP UP... ER... COME DOWN WITH ME!

YOO-HOO! STANLEY?

TALK ABOUT HEART, THIS LITTLE BEAN HAS REALLY GOT IT!

WE'RE STILL NECK-AND-NECK AS WE PASS THE 14TH STORY... THE 10TH... THE 8TH... THE 6TH...

MAN! DIG THEM CRA-A-A-ZY PIGEONS!

SPAT

WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, THERE IN PRINCETON, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR FADDER IS RIGHT!

AND FOR SUGGESTING THIS EXPERIMENT, OL' UNCLE ART IS GONNA COME OVER PERSONALLY TO SHOW HIS APPRECIATION...

... BECAUSE, YOU AXED FOR IT!

VAS IS LOS, HALBERT? FURSHLUSSNER 3D T.V.?

JA! UNO IN COLOR, TOO!

PORTIONS OF THE PRECEDING PROGRAM WERE ON WASTED COSTLY FILM.

THE END

PAN MAIL

Dear Editors,

Wahoo! I never thought you could put out a funnier mag than Panic No. 4... but after reading issue number 5, I had to change my mind! It was truly an E.C. Classic! I never laughed so hard. The cover idea was a stroke of genius, the Sports Jargon feature was the greatest yet, the T.V. programs were hilarious, the horoscope featurette was laugh-provoking and Tick Dracy! ... well, in short, Panic No. 5 was the greatest humor mag E. C. has ever put out! —Wayne Lemon—Holton, Ind.

... I think that Panic is pretty crappy. In fact, it sinks.—Helen W. Zywiec—N. Y. C.

... Panic is a credit to the American people in being a brilliant satire of Americana. Panic is an example of the skillful and famed American wit. It should be preserved in the Library of Congress as a monument to all America.—Jeffrey Frey—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... It may be that I don't appreciate witty humor, but I don't believe I've seen a more deplorable collection of corny trash than that which appears in Panic.—E. Pierce—Miami, Fla.

... Panic is strictly for the intellectuals.—Dee Brown—San Antonio, Tex.

... That rag you call Panic isn't half as good as Mad.—Jimmy Shof—Miami, Fla.

... I think Panic is overpowering Mad!—Mike Olvari—Washington, D. C.

... Panic, although funnier than Mad, still has a trace of gall beneath its delectable flavor. I love satire, but I always went more for Voltaire's subtleties than Swift's harping.—Donald A. Thompson—Grand Valley, Pa.

... I cannot see the difference between Mad and Panic. I loved the articles about "The Sportscaster," the "Weather Man," and the "Family gardener."—Jack Chatfield—Bethesda, Md.

... Your mag is a gas for all straight peoples. It really wigs them. And the flicks are too much. You get all hung up gassing on one set. Man, what frantic imaginations. You must be real swinging peoples because no lames can think so weird and far out. I might be coming on pretty strong, but you're hip.—Later

... I think Panic is just marvelous, and frankly I think Mad is very stupid and a poor excuse for a magazine.—Sherry Raye Rogers—El Reno, Okla.

... The lampoon on Dick Tracy in Panic No. 5 was great. I nearly heaved my entrails laughing so hard. A special pat on the back to your artist, Bill Elder.—Pvt. Gregory William Reillo—Ft. Devans, Mass.

... I really don't have the words to thank you enough for finally printing that excellent front view of Tick Dracy. This is real police work! Dum-da-dum-dum!—Janice DeVivo—New Castle, Pa.

... Before reading Panic, we were just two normal guys. We were liked by our families and friends. However, since reading Panic, we are out 20c, have been disowned by our parents, and kicked out of school. Thanks.—Robert Carbone & Robert Bennett—Phoenix, Ariz.

... You fellows are geniuses when it comes to printing unique covers for Panic and Mad. Although it will drive me bankrupt, I'm all for a monthly Panic.—Clifford Group—Buffalo, N. Y.

... Cass Technical High School in Detroit is MAD about PANIC.—Stan Grossman—Detroit, Mich.

... A Mad reader from the beginning, I was afraid at first that Panic was only another run-of-the-mill competitor. However, it took only a few issues for me to realize that Panic was not only as good as Mad... it was better.—Paul Arthur—Wisc. Institute for the Crim. Insane

... I dig Panic very well... understand every furshlugginer word... am very loyal to E.C. ... now have ancient proverb here: Man who buy E.C. Comics buy one way ticket to crazy house.—Dennis Gerlach—Hong Kong, China

... I would like to add my two cents worth to this controversy about Panic and Mad. I think Mad and Panic are the two best funny-type mags on the stands, and Panic is the better of the two.—H. A. Mitchell—Louisville, Ky.

... So help me, if your imitation of Mad gets any better, I will personally come to N. Y. and have it out with you.—Ken Bowis—Phila., Pa.

That's it for this issue. A sub to Panic will cost you one buck ... eight issues. If you got comments, pro or con ... pliz write. The address is:

Panicky Editors
Room 706, Dept. 7
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

Continuing in its efforts to present samples of the mature, intellectual reading found in our daily newspapers, Panic magazine now presents its version of the "affairs of the heart" type column, usually called something like this:

ADVICE TO THE LOVELOON

By Ann Olmay Derself

Dear Miss Derself,

I am a girl of fifteen and I am madly and passionately in love with the soda jerk at the corner drug store. But Irving, that's the jerk's name, doesn't even know I exist. No matter how I try, I cannot get him to notice me. I am filled up to here with Pistachio malteds already. What can I do to get him to notice me?

Frustrated and Greenfaced

Dear Frustrated and
Pistachio-pussed,

You could probably look like Marilyn Monroe and Irving, the jerk, wouldn't notice you. Who would be interested in a girl who drinks Pistachio malteds? Change your order. Try a Banana Split with all the trimmings. If Irving doesn't notice you when he serves it to you, dump it on his head. This will impress him. He will remember you always.

Dear Miss Derself,

I am madly and passionately in love with a girl who doesn't know I am alive. All she does is sit all day and drink Pistachio malteds. What shall I do?

Unhappy Irving

Dear Irving,
Watch out!

Dear Miss Loveloon,

My hair is frizzy, my teeth are crooked, my nose is big, my eyes are crossed, I have an awful figure, and I am very lonely. I have everything I want in the world except love. I am worth six million dollars. But men don't notice me. What can I do?

Ugly Heiress

Dear U.H.,

Cover your face with your bank-book.

Dear Advice Giver,

I do not dance. I do not smoke. I do not drink. I do not go out with men. I suffer from terrible headaches. What's wrong?

Pained

Dear Pained,

Your halo is on too tight.

Dear Miss Ann,

I am very beautiful. Wherever I go, men whistle at me. I cannot hold down a job because the men in the office are always whistling at me. I go from one place of employment to the other. They whistle and I'm eventually fired. What can I do?

Gorgeous

Dear Gorgeous,
Drive a Taxi.

Dear A.O.D.,

I am ready to kill myself. I met a lovely woman who seemed to like me and I entrusted her with everything I had in the world as I believed we were to be married. She's gone now, with my life's savings, my car, my stocks and bonds, and my collection of E.C. mags. So I can't go on living. I can't stand it. How can you stand reading this kind of drivel every single day?

Suicide Bent

Dear S. B.,

You're right. I'll meet you on the George Washington bridge tonight. We'll jump together.

VENICE Beckons

YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN POSTERS FOR THIS PLACE! YOU KNOW...THE CITY WITH WATER FOR STREETS...LIKE LOS ANGELES! THEY USUALLY LOOK AND READ LIKE SO...



FALL UNDER ITS SPELL!



GORGEOUS SKIES WILL ATTRACT YOU AS YOU ARE GRACEFULLY PROPELLED BY LONG GONDOLAS!

WELL, DON'T GRAB YOUR OUTBOARD MOTOR, CHUM! PUT AWAY YOUR EAR-PLUGS! HERE'S PANIC'S POSTER! HERE'S THE REAL RAW DEAL!



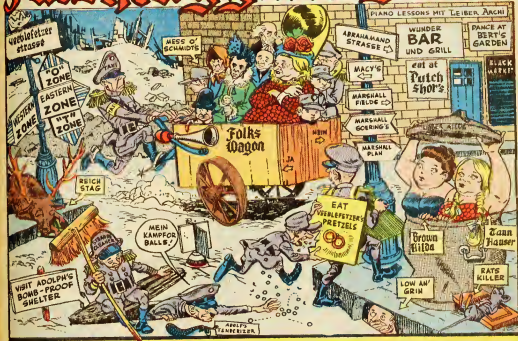
Wunderbar Berlin

DOESN'T *THIS* POSTER CAPTURE THE FEELING OF
BEER STEINS AND KNOCKWURST AND SAUER-
KRAUT...OF TUBAS AND CONCERTINAS?



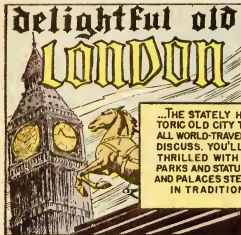
IT'S **Grüchlich!** IT'S **Gesmacht!**
IN A WORD... IT'S GERMANY!

Fürshlugginer Berlin



IT'S FAMISHED... IT'S **Famished!**
IN A WORD..... IT'S **Germany!**

delightful old LONDON



...THE STATELY HISTORIC OLD CITY THAT ALL WORLD-TRAVELERS DISCUSS. YOU'LL BE THRILLED WITH ITS PARKS AND STATUARY... AND PALACES STEEPED IN TRADITION!

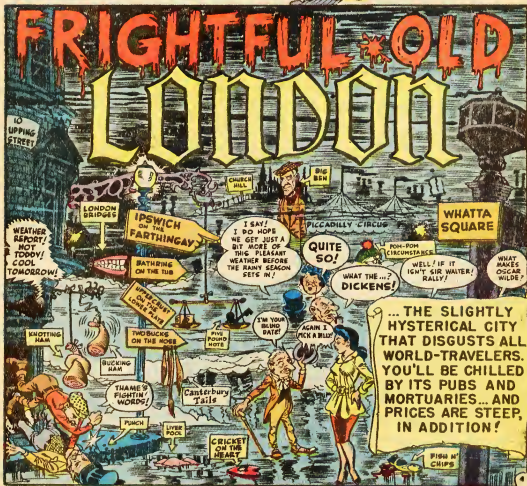
WHELL, OLD BOY! JOLLY OLD ENGLAND, EH WOT? IT DOES SEEM RATHER DAZZLING IN THIS POSTER, DOESN'T IT?



WELL, LISTEN, BWAH! ENGLAND AIN'T SO JOLLY! PURE ROT! HERE'S A MUCH MORE DAZZLING PICTURE!



FRIGHTFUL OLD LONDON



THEY TALK ABOUT THIS TOWN DURING APRIL...



WELL, DON'T BE AN APRIL FOOL!



IT'S FUN-LOVING PARIS

SEE THE GAY, MAD WHIRL OF THE PARISIEN. SEE ITS ADORABLE BISTROS CONGESTED WITH LIFE. SEE ITS COLORFUL PICTURE-POSTCARD CELLARS. IT'S TRÈS EXCITING!... IT'S QUAIN'T!



IT'S FUN LEAVING PARIS

SEE THE GRAY, SAD WORLD OF THE PARASITE. SEE ITS DEPLORABLE BEAST-ROWS INFESTED WITH LICE. SEE ITS HAND-COLORED PICTURE-POSTCARD SELLERS.

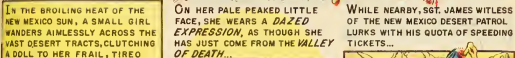


...THE CITY OF MAJESTIC SPIRES AND BEAUTIFUL SKIES. THE AVERAGE MEAN TEMPERATURE IS 62° F. AS FOR THE FOOD, EACH DELICIOUS-TASTING DISH IS BETTER THAN THE LAST!

THE CITY OF FANTASTIC LIARS AND DUTIFUL SPIES. THE AVERAGE TEMPERATURE IS 26°F... WHICH IS PRETTY MEAN! AS FOR THE FOOD, EACH SUSPICIOUS-TASTING DISH MAY BE YOUR LAST!

THE CITY OF FANTASTIC LIARS
AND DUTIFUL SPIES. THE AVERAGE
TEMPERATURE IS 26°F... WHICH IS
PRETTY MEAN! AS FOR THE FOOD,
EACH SUSPICIOUS-TASTING DISH
MAY BE YOUR LAST!

THEM THERE THOSE



IN THE BROILING HEAT OF THE
NEW MEXICO SUN, A SMALL GIRL
WANDERS AIMLESSLY ACROSS THE
VAST DESERT TRACTS, CLUTCHING
A DOLL TO HER FRAIL, TIRED
LITTLE BODY...

IN THE BROILING HEAT OF THE
NEW MEXICO SUN, A SMALL GIRL
WANDERS AIMLESSLY ACROSS THE
VAST DESERT TRACTS, CLUTCHING
A DOLL TO HER FRAIL, TIRED
LITTLE BODY...

ACTUALLY, IT'S A SORT OF DEATH VALLEY DAZE!

WRITE SANDS

WRITE HORSE

GALLUP

TROY

GAMER

FER

MICA PLANT

FIVED

YOU'LL RAVE

OKAY, GIRLIE! PULL OVER TO THE CURB!

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

LET'S SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH?

LEAVE YOUR DOG

IMOO
VOO

SCREECH!

HMMM! THIS KID IS IN A COMPLETE STATE OF SHOCK. HER EYES ARE WIDE AND STARING! HER FACE IS PALE AND PERSPIRED! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND!

OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT! SHE'S WEARING AN E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BUTTON!*

CHIEF! I FOUND THIS LITTLE GIRL WANDERING AROUND IN THE DESERT... IN A QUANDRY!

WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WITLESS! DID YOU FIND HER IN A QUANDRY OR IN A DESERT?

WANTED
SOMEONE WHO KISSED ME!

* 50¢ FOR MEMBERSHIP KIT! - ED.

CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THIS CHILD IF I MAY. I AM PROFESSOR D.D. TEE, WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON INSECTS! ALSO MOSQUITOS STUFFED WHILE YOU WAIT! I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS SPECIAL CASE!

TALKING ABOUT CASES OF SPECIAL, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?

THIS IS A BOTTLE OF FORMIC ACID! I AM NOW GOING TO WAVE THIS BOTTLE UNDER HER NOSE! IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, WE SHOULD SEE SOME STARTLING RESULTS! HERE, CHILD... TAKE A SNIFF!

AH, NOTICE, GENTLEMEN! HER EYELIDS ARE FLUTTERING! THE COLOR IS COMING BACK TO HER CHEEKS. SHE'S SQUIRMING! SHE...

Photobio

SCIENCE IN ANT BODIES

3RD DEGREE

SHE GRABBED THE BOTTLE! THERE, GENTLEMEN! THAT PROVES MY THEORY! THE KID IS A LUSH!

TALKING ABOUT LUSHES, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?

THEM-THERE-THOSE!

THEM-THERE-THOSE!

THEM-THERE-THOSE!

CLUG
CLUG

MA MA MIA!

DOM DA DOM DOWN!



CAN'T STAND OVER-ACTING, CAN YOU, ED?

GENTLEMEN! WE ARE FACED WITH SOMETHING SO DEVASTATING, SO DESTRUCTIVE, SO AWFUL, THAT IT MIGHT EASILY SPELL THE END OF ALL HUMANITY...

POOF!

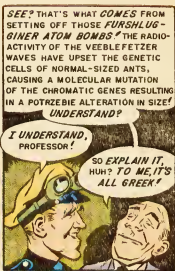
STOOL PIGEON



PROFESSOR! YOU MEAN ...?

PRECISELY! A PLAGUE OF GIANT THEM-THERE-THOSES!

OH! I WAS THINKING OF POWER STEERING!



SEE? THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM SETTING OFF THOSE FURSHLUGGINER ATOM BOMBS! THE RADIO-ACTIVITY OF THE VEEBLEFETZER WAVES HAVE UPSET THE GENETIC CELLS OF NORMAL-SIZED ANTS, CAUSING A MOLECULAR MUTATION OF THE CHROMATIC GENES RESULTING IN A POTRZEBIE ALTERATION IN SIZE! UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR!

SO EXPLAIN IT, HUH? TO ME, IT'S ALL GREEK!



PROFESSOR TEE! IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO ALLOW ANY OF THIS INFORMATION TO LEAVE THIS ROOM!

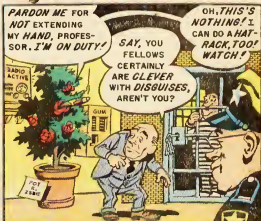
WHY...? WHO SAID THAT?

OH, I'M SORRY, PROF! I GUESS I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE YOU! THIS IS SECRET AGENT K-9 OF THE LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE!

BULLETS IN BOARD

LINE UP...

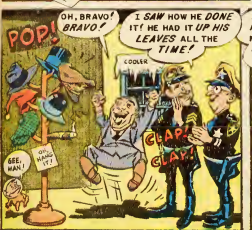
PLEASE DON'T PUT BULLETS IN DON'T PUT WE ARE TRAYS



PARDON ME FOR NOT EXTENDING MY HAND, PROFESSOR, I'M ON DUTY!

SAY, YOU FELLOWS CERTAINLY ARE CLEVER WITH DISGUISES, AREN'T YOU?

OH, THIS'S NOTHING! I CAN DO A HAT-RACK, TOO! WATCH!



POP!

OH, BRAVO! BRAVO!

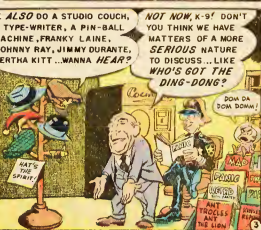
I SAW HOW HE DONE IT! HE HAD IT UP HIS LEAVES ALL THE TIME!

COOLER

CLAP! CLAP!

SEE, WAN!

OH, HANG IT!



I ALSO DO A STUDIO COUCH, A TYPE-WRITER, A PIN-BALL MACHINE, FRANKY LAINE, JOHNNY RAY, JIMMY DURANTE, ERTHA KITT ...WANNA HEAR?

NOT NOW, K-9! DON'T YOU THINK WE HAVE MATTERS OF A MORE SERIOUS NATURE TO DISCUSS ...LIKE WHO'S GOT THE DING-DONG?

HAT'S THE SPIRIT!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

DOM DA DOM DOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I APOLOGIZE! JUST A SECONO WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE! THERE! THAT'S BETTER!

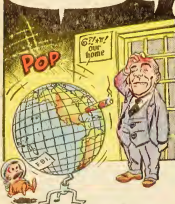
GEE! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO?

THE GOVERNMENT HAS KNOWN FOR SOME MONTHS ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THESE THEM-THERE-THOSES, BUT WE DON'T DARE RELEASE THE NEWS TO THE NATION FOR FEAR OF PANIC!

YOU'RE AFRAID THEY'LL LAMPOON IT?

YOU, AS THE WORLD'S LEADING ENTOMOLOGIST AND MOSQUITO STUFFER, CAN AID US BY HELPING TO LOCATE THE NEST OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES SO WE CAN WIPE OUT THEM THERE THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE WORLD!

LOOK, ED! AFRICA SPEAKS!



YOU, PROFESSOR TEE, KNOW MORE ABOUT THE HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES THAN ANY MAN LIVING!

HMMPH! YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?

WOW-WEE-WOO! DIG THE STACKED BROAD!

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, T.N. TEE! SHE IS AN EXPERT IN THE FIELD OF ANT PSYCHOLOGY AND I BELIEVE HER PRESENCE WILL BE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO US ON THIS FURSHLUSSNER MISSION BECAUSE OF HER VAST KNOWLEDGE...

PROF! SHE COULD COME ALONG IF SHE WAS AN IDIOT! MAH-ROON!



NOW, NOW, LADS! LEAVE US NOT DAUDLE OVER BASER EMOTIONS! SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS! MOMENTS ARE FLEETING! SILENCE IS GOLDEN! TIME IS MONEY! PIGS IS PIGS!

...BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

GEE, PROFESSOR! FROM UP HERE, THOSE PEOPLE LOOK LIKE LITTLE BUGS CRAWLING AROUND OOWN THERE!

THEY ARE BUGS, NITWIT... WE HAVEN'T TAKEN OFF YET!



LOOK! THERE'S A THEM-THERE-THOSE NOW! AND THAT MUST BE THE NEST WE'RE LOOKING FOR... THAT CONE-SHAPED HILL WITH THE HOLE IN IT!

...AND I THOUGHT IT WAS THE 18TH GREEN AT BURNING TREE!



AWRITE! YOU BOT' KNOW DA RULES! WHEN I HOLLER "BREAK", I EXPECK BOT' O' YOUSE T' BREAK CLEAN. AN' I DON' WANNA SEE NO RABBIT PUNCHIN' OR HITTIN' BELOW DA MANDIBLES. ENNY QUESTIONS?

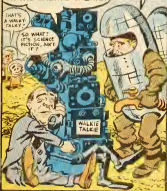
YEAH! WHAT'S A MAN-DIBLE?

SUPPOSIN A RABBIT PUNCHES US FOIST?



WHILE YOU BOYS ARE WIPING OUT THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, I'LL TRY TO CONTACT PRESIDENT MONROE ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE!

PRESIDENT MONROE? HEY, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!



LISTEN, BUSTER! YOU BELONG TO YOUR FAN CLUB, AND I'LL BELONG TO MINE!



NOW, BOYS, MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM THEM-THERE-THOSES! IF THE FLAME-THROWERS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT, TRY THE MAGNESIUM BOMBS! AND IF THEY DON'T WORK, TRY THE CYANIDE GAS. AND IF THAT DON'T WORK ... TRY FLIT!

QUICK, HENRY...

OH, SHUT UP AND LIGHT YOUR RONSON!



YEOW!

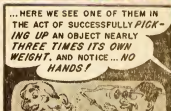
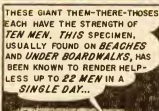
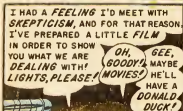
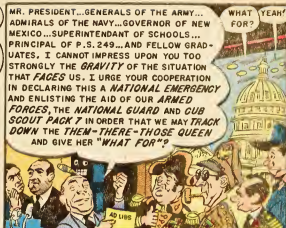
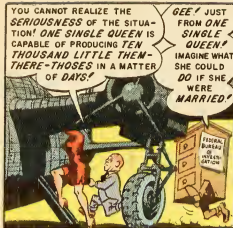
LISTEN, T.N! THERE GO THE FLAME-THROWERS! JUST HEAR THEM THERE THOSE CREATURES SCREAM IN AGONY!



WELL, WE WIPED OUT ALL OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, PROFESSOR... BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE QUEEN! I... HATE TO BE A SNITCHER, BUT HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN ALL NIGHT!

JUST AS I FEARED! OH, THIS IS A HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE! QUICK! WE MUST FLY TO WASHINGTON!





AH...ALONE AT
LAST, T.N. THIS
IS THE FIRST
CHANCE I'VE HAD
TO SPEAK TO YOU.
TO TELL YOU HOW
MADLY AND
PASSIONATELY
IN LOVE I AM
WITH YOU!

IT'S NO USE,
K-9. YOU'RE A
NICE GUY
AND ALL THAT,
BUT... WELL,
YOU'RE JUST
NOT MY TYPE!

I CAN CHANGE, T.N! LOOK! I'VE
ALREADY CHANGED! I CAN BE
ANYTHING YOU WANT! JUST
TELL ME WHICH TYPE YOU LIKE,
MY BELOVED... SHORT AND FAT?

TALL AND THIN?

BIG AND MUSCULAR?

IF YOU MUST
KNOW, BUSTER...
I LIKE 'EM
PLUMP AND
JUICY!

GOOD LORD!
YOU! YOU'RE
THE QUEEN
OF THEM THERE
THEM-THERE-
THOSES!



ALTHOUGH I LOVE YOU, T.N., I
MUST DESTROY YOU! IT IS MY
DUTY! THIS IS GOING TO HURT
ME MORE THAN IT WILL YOU!

OH, CAN THE
MUSH, AND GET
ON WITH THE
FURSLUGGINER
WIND-UP GAG!
CHANGE INTO A
SHOE, ALREADY!

AS A NINE-FOOT SHOE, I WILL
BE ABLE TO STEP ON YOU AND
SQUASH YOU INTO AN OOOEY
GOOEY PULP...LIKE THIS...

YOU KNOW,
THEY'RE NOT
MAKING COMICS
LIKE THEY
USED TO...



NO! NO! STOP! WAIT!
DON'T! YOU DON'T REALIZE
THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCE
OF WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT
TO DO!

SORRY, PROF...
BUT EVEN IF SHE
IS YOUR OWN
DAUGHTER, THIS
KID'S GOT TO GO!

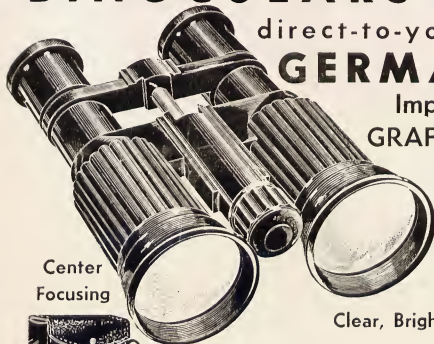
DAUGHTER! SHMAUGHTER!
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU
STEP ON AN ANT, IT'S
GONNA RAIN?

AN' I JUST HAD
MY CAR WASHED!



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Clear, Bright Viewing!

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OR MONEY BACK**

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352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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Send COD plus all postage costs.

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Address

Town Zone State



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